

The duchess of Marlborough has already distributed several large sums to London hospitals.

KING MILAN of Serbia threatens to publish his wife's letters to him during their courtship.

THE Duke of Wellington is Prince of Waterloo in Belgium, and a grandee of the first class in Spain.

The late King Ludwig's executors have almost cleared off the king's debts. There is a good prospect of re-building the Bavarian royal fortune.

ADMIRAL PORTER, in his 77th year, preserves his health by eating simple food, rarely drinking tea or coffee, smoking in moderation and keeping pleasantly busy.

THE prince of Wales owes at present over \$500,000 and is thinking seriously of applying to parliament for an allowance for Prince Albert Victor, who now keeps up a household of his own.

The right name of Emin Pasha (or Emin Bey, as he is more generally known) is given as Schnitzler. He is a native of Austrian Silesia, it is asserted, and he entered the Turkish army as a surgeon.

DEACON SAMUEL BURHAM and his wife celebrated their golden wedding the other evening at their farmhouse in Dumbarton, N. H., and the occasion was made one of general observance by their townspeople.

The old Puritan Governor Endicott planted a pear tree which is still standing, very much alive, in the village of Danvers, though the governor himself be dust. It is the oldest cultivated fruit-bearing tree in New England, is of the variety bon cretion and was brought from old England.

"OLD HUTCH," the noted Chicago speculator, who is making the bear speculators in wheat feel exceedingly weary, is a tall, angular man of little education, but great experience with the world. He has a wonderful memory, and relies solely upon it to keep track of his enormous transactions.

M. CHEVREU, the French savant who has just reached his 103rd year begins to feel a little shaky though still able to walk up and down stairs. To a lady who recently complimented him upon his juvenility he replied: "You are too good madame; but I feel that I am going down hill. What wonder I do not give to be 80 again?"

The widow of President Polk is in her eighty-seventh year. She is feeble and rather forgetful, but she maintains her cheerfulness and her interest in the world about her. Of late she has been taking her meals in her own room, and leaves it once a day to take an airing on the porch. Here she sits and receives her visitors.

ISAAC M. GREGORY, the editor of Judge, is also the editor of the Graphic. One is a staunch republican journal and the other a democratic organ and both papers are illustrated. Mr. Gregory was one of the first newspaper paragraphers in the country and during his thirty years of hard work the quality of his writing has not deteriorated. His work shows no sign of age.

GEN. WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, Commissioner-General of the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1889, is visiting the Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati, O. He is paying special attention to the government exhibit there. The Commercial Gazette of that city publishes what purports to be a picture of him that looks as much like him as President Cleveland does like Candidate Harrison.

HARLOW CURTISS, of Harwinton, Conn., is in his eighty-ninth year. He has carried on his farm himself this season, raising forty bushels of potatoes and cutting five acres of grass by hand. He recently shot a running fox at off-hand aim. In Bristol Conn. the other day, he entered a rifle range and scored 91 points out of 100. He made three consecutive bull's-eyes. He can read a newspaper without glasses and is altogether one of the youngest men in the country for his years.

MR. GLADSTONE has received the large book of autographs set down by Americans under a strong endorsement of his work in the cause of home rule. He writes thus to Dr. Van Bokkelen and J. J. McBride of Buffalo, who prepared and forwarded the book: "This new proof of American sentiment was in no way required for my personal satisfaction, but it may serve to convince the incredulous, if such there be, that your great country has an immovable conviction of the justice of the Irish cause."

The front name of Verestchagin, the great Russian battle painter, as translated, is Basil, in Russian Vasil, but no translation has been found for his family name, and nobody seems equal to the task of making one. The personality and aims of this artist are remarkable. After serving with distinction honor as a soldier of the Czar in two great campaigns he became convinced that war was barbaric, cruel and criminal, and he set out to take away its heroic and romantic features. In his paintings, which have made a marked sensation wherever they were exhibited in Europe, he has reproduced the terrors and atrocities of the battlefield in their most realistic and shocking form. When the paintings come to be exhibited here in November it is expected that they will attract a very great deal of attention.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

At James Spady's farm, some distance from Reading, Pa., a boiler of a thrashing machine exploded Friday, killing five youths, aged from 14 to 19, and wounding many others, some of whom are not expected to recover.

W. Barnett Levan reported to the Common Pleas Court at Philadelphia Friday that the contrivance shown him by Mr. Keely, of "motor" fame, was a stationary structure, dependent upon the manipulation of an operator, and could by no possibility be made self-operating.

Steven Curtis, an oil-well pumper at Lima, Ohio, looked for a leak in a natural gas main Friday with a lighted match, and was fatally burned by the explosion which resulted.

George H. Vanderbilt has purchased 1,000 acres of mountain lands near Asheville, N. C., where he will build a large industrial institution for the education of poor white children, who will be taught how to work in wood and metals, and thus become skilled mechanics. The institute will be liberally endowed, as Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make it a monument to his family.

James M. Eddy, of Providence, R. I., dug up 1,500 silver coins in his back yard, at Foxcroft, Wednesday. They were planted there by an ancestor of his, who sailed with Captain Kidd, buried his treasure on his farm and left a chart locating it. Mr. Eddy will keep on digging.

The butter color used by nearly all farmers and creameries in increasing the yellow tints of their product is amato bolted in cotton seed oil, and although the color of oil in the mixture is extremely small, it comes within the letter of the statute defining oleomargarine, according to a decision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Captain Kennedy, of the British bark Creomede, reported at New York Thursday that Sept. 9 he aided the British ship Ardenmore, which had been in collision with and sunk the British ship Earl Warren, sixteen passengers of the latter, including the captain's wife and three children, perishing. The Creomede landed the wrecked crews at Barbadoes, and Captain Kennedy later heard that the Ardenmore reached Bermuda in a badly damaged condition.

For a window in his house at Toronto, Ontario, Wednesday night, Dr. McCall, a specialist, fired into a band of students who were looting at him. Several of the young men were wounded. The Doctor was taken before a magistrate and remanded.

At Lima, Ohio, Wednesday night, Henry Ertley, aged 60, for thirty-five years station master of the Pennsylvania Railroad, committed suicide by taking poison. Daniel Buckley, of Syracuse, N. Y., a traveling man, was locked up in the city prison at Lima, Ohio, Wednesday night, while suffering from delirium tremens, and during the night beat his head against the iron doors of the cell so furiously that he died Thursday from injuries caused.

The coroner's investigation on the bodies of two boys killed Wednesday by the breaking of a rope fire escape at a Pittsburgh hotel resulted in the holding for trial, on the charge of manslaughter, of the agent of the fire escape, H. C. Wilson, of Zanesville, Ohio.

Some months ago at Kansas City, Lewis Naylor, a dry goods dealer, tendered one of his sons, Jennie Quirk, aged 17, with a check in his pocket for her services. Miss Quirk demanded cash, a quarrel followed, and while being ejected from the store her arm was broken. She sued for \$10,000 damages, and Thursday secured a verdict for \$7,000.

While testing a rope fire escape at Pittsburgh Wednesday, the rope broke and seventy feet, two being killed and the third fatally hurt. The agent of the escape has been arrested, and is half crazed by the affair, and it is feared that he will attempt suicide.

In the case of Crew, Levick & Co., oil merchants at Philadelphia, who sued the Bradstreet Commercial Agency for \$1,000, having lost such sum by giving credit to certain concerns reported to them by Bradstreet's as financially sound, Judge Gordon Wednesday granted a non-suit, but said that if the plaintiffs could have shown willful or malicious negligence on the part of the agency the circuit court might have been different.

At Akron, Ohio, Wednesday night, James Dickman, aged 70, was knocked down by highwaymen and robbed of a valise containing \$7,000.

Hardie Richardson, late second baseman of the Detroit, signed Tuesday to play with the Boston Base Ball Club next season for the regulation salary of \$2,000 and an "extra" of even more than the \$2,500 paid by Detroit this year.

The case of General Adam Badeau against the widow of General U. S. Grant, for \$15,000 for services on the General's memoirs, has been dismissed.

Delegates representing the 25,000 employees of the Reading Railway met at Reading, Tuesday, and adopted President Corbin's scheme for the organization of a relief association in the plan to go into practice Jan. 1 next.

Affairs in Hayti have assumed so serious a phase that the war ship Kearsarge has been ordered to Port au Prince for the protection of American interests. She will be put in commission in a few days.

By an explosion of natural gas at Lima, Ohio, Tuesday, John Schulteis and Peter Kink were perished by death and John Hubbard killed by the collapse of a brick wall which fell on him as he was passing the building where the explosion occurred.

The constant of the will of Frederick Marsden, the play-right, retired from the case at New York, Tuesday, confessing lack of evidence.

At Nanticoke, Pa., early Tuesday morning, a Gracchus was shot by a hunter, and tempted to elope with a young Polish girl named Pika, was discovered and set upon by the young woman's brothers, one of whom held him while the other struck him several blows with an ax. Gracchus is dying and the Pikas are in jail.

A second break occurred in the Cornwall Canal Sunday, and the workmen were busy repairing the old one. A large part of the laborers' money was given away, and men and teams had no way to get home. It is believed to be impossible now to open the canal for navigation this year, and Montreal merchants will lose \$2,000,000.

WEST AND SOUTH.

On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 10, the anarchists at St. Louis will hold a demonstration in commemoration of the hanging of the anarchists at Chicago. A funeral march, poems, an address, and a play, entitled "The Unjust Sentence," will comprise the program. There will be no street parade.

Fred Anschlag, who is in jail at Los Angeles, Cal., under sentence of death for killing Mr. and Mrs. Hittcock, of Elgin, Ill., some months ago, has made confession of the murder of his neighbor Julius Kugel in September, 1887, in Butte County. He charged George Stenger and one Barker with inspiring him to commit the crime to obtain French money. Stenger was arrested at San Francisco Thursday.

A man supposed to be Tascott has been arrested at St. Louis, where he was doing odd jobs for farmers. Thomas A. Watts recently said a description of Tascott, and the unknown man's appearance tallied so far with the description that he was arrested and will be held until identified.

A cyclone coming from the northwest swept over Laporte, Iowa, about 9 o'clock

Thursday night, unroofing houses and store buildings, damaging goods by water, and doing, all told, a damage of \$50,000. The stores of Canning, Boggs & Walker, C. H. Brush, Walker D. Ashley, L. Courtwright, and J. P. Bonus were unroofed. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, whose house was blown down, were seriously injured. At Mt. Auburn, seven miles from Laporte, the M. E. church and B. C. R. and N. depot were blown down and an elevator unroofed, and a man was killed by flying timbers.

Alternate sections of land in Allen County, Kansas, which had been granted to the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad Company, but were claimed by settlers, were held by Judge Brewer, in the United States Circuit Court at Topeka Friday, to belong to the railroad company.

Mrs. John Turner, of Glasgow, Scotland, arrived in Elkhart, Ind., Wednesday night, with a marriage certificate proving her right to that title, which Mr. Turner had bestowed upon her. She was the wife of a man who years ago deserting his wife, Turner heard of her arrival and fled to Canada.

Chicago Chinamen bid on twelve cases of opium, smuggled into the country at Detroit, confiscated by customs officials and sold at St. Louis, Mo., Thursday.

President Strong, of the Santa Fe Road, has reduced the wages of other employees, and will reduce the wages of other employees, accepting engineers, firemen, switchmen, brakemen, and mechanical operators, 10 per cent.

James Longonetti, bar-tender of a Denver, Col., saloon, shot and killed A. O. Case Monday, was arrested and imprisoned, and died in convulsions Wednesday, thinking his victims were coming to kill him.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in convention at Richmond, Va., after discussing the federation scheme Wednesday, adopted a co-operative plan expressing friendship for, sympathy with, and, where practicable, provides assistance for those organizations whose duties are closely allied to their own brotherhood.

At Lexington, Mo., Wednesday, a lady descended into a twenty-foot cistern and rescued a child who had fallen into the pit. A number of men, who had refused to attempt to aid the little one, watched the heroic exploit.

Belle Richardson, who mysteriously left her home at Danville, Ill., had nothing terrible happen. She went to Chicago, to the service of Mrs. Clancy, at No. 1000 LaSalle street, as domestic, and when her father was notified and went after her, she flatly refused to return to Danville, even on a visit, as she said she was "sick of Danville."

Robbers held up a Mexican Central express train sixty miles below El Paso, Texas, Tuesday night, forcing the engineer and fireman to leave the engine and uncouple the passenger cars, and then ran on six miles further before stopping to rifle the express car. They secured about \$2,000 only, as the express messenger, Villegas, jumped from the side door as the robbers were entering the end door, and escaped with the keys to the train.

At Milwaukee, early Tuesday morning, the tug A. W. Lawrence was blown to pieces by an explosion. Captain John Sullivan, Engineer John Sullivan (his cousin), Fireman Edward Sullivan, and Lineman Thomas Handley were instantly killed, and Frank McGowan and Thomas Dooley were severely injured.

During the progress of business in the Criminal Court room in Kansas City, Tuesday morning, Jack P. Fleming, a Deputy Marshal, drew his revolver and shot himself dead.

D. L. Wood, a professional gambler, who had terrorized the town of Ardmore, Ind. Tuesday, was found on the Santa Fe railway track Tuesday morning, fatally wounded.

Friday, Oct. 26, a decision was written by Iowa Railroad Commissioners Smith and Campbell, in the case of the Dubuque and Davenport shippers against the roads touching those points. The decision was at once sent to Colonel Dey, the Democratic member of the commission, at Iowa City, for signature and completion, and also submitted to a reduced pay. With the exception of fifteen, who were in the company's debt for supplies, the 300 refused to sign the contract. The company then refused to pay the men, who instantly went on a strike. They retired to their shanties and secured arms. They then began to strike the railroad tracks, and it is, as well as the general store, track, locomotive, and cars.

The officials of the company fled, as the Italians threatened violence. Saturday night the 300 armed strikers marched in a body to the village of Sawyerville and captured the village, taking the station and the stores. Monday morning they began tearing up the track and demolishing the cars used in construction.

At Louisville, Ky., Tuesday, Harry Smart was found guilty of the murder of Meisner Green and Felle Ward, who were found floating in the river with their throats cut, four months ago, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Andy Fulton, who owns a large ranch near Denver, Colo., was shot by a jealous wife Tuesday and seriously wounded. Fulton was formerly Mayor of Pittsburgh.

J. B. Lawrence, an American citizen, who had been imprisoned at Silene, Mexico, on a charge of train robbery, was released from custody last Saturday.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Cynthia Leonard, the woman candidate for Mayor of New York, has obtained an order compelling the election inspectors to show cause why she should not be allowed to vote.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

A rudely constructed bomb was thrown into the grounds of the Academy of the Visitation, at Washington, Wednesday night. The explosion started the Sisters and shook the windows, but did no damage. The Mother Superior thinks it was the work of boys, who were practicing a Halloween joke.

He Didn't Agree. Miss Knight to new acquaintance whose name she did not catch—Etiology of names is my favorite study. My theory is that all names indicate what the person's ancestors were: For instance, my ancestors were knights, the Smiths were farmers, and so forth. I think it is the best way to tell what a person is, don't you, sir? Well, no, he didn't, because his name was Hogg.—Judge.

THE MARKETS.

| CHICAGO. | | |
|----------------------------------|-------|-------|
| DECEMBER—Extra. | 65.25 | 65.50 |
| Choice to Family. | 65.00 | 65.00 |
| Good Shipping Steers. | 5.10 | 5.20 |
| For the Month. | 5.10 | 5.20 |
| Fancy Cows and Heifers. | 2.50 | 2.70 |
| Fair Cows. | 1.20 | 1.30 |
| MILK Cows per head. | 15.00 | 16.00 |
| HOGS—Mixed. | 3.25 | 3.50 |
| SHEEP—Native. | 2.50 | 2.75 |
| WHEAT—No. 3 Spring. | 1.10 | 1.15 |
| WHEAT—No. 2. | 40.00 | 40.00 |
| OATS—No. 3. | 20.00 | 20.00 |
| POTATOES—Per bushel. | 80 | 80 |
| POULTRY—Chickens, live, per doz. | 87.00 | 87.00 |
| DUCKS—Per doz. | 68.00 | 68.00 |
| BUTTER—Creamery. | 34 | 35 |
| DAIRY—Large. | 32 | 33 |
| Low Grades. | 16 | 18 |
| CHEESE—Full Cream. | 10.00 | 11 |
| POULTRY—Per doz. | 10.00 | 11 |
| EGGS—Fresh, per doz. | 10.00 | 11 |

| ST. LOUIS. | | |
|--------------|-------|-------|
| HOGS—Choice. | 3.50 | 3.50 |
| SHEEP. | 3.20 | 3.40 |
| WHEAT—No. 3. | 1.00 | 1.00 |
| OATS—No. 3. | 20.00 | 20.00 |

| MILWAUKEE. | | |
|--------------|-------|-------|
| WHEAT—No. 3. | 1.00 | 1.00 |
| OATS—No. 3. | 20.00 | 20.00 |

| DETROIT. | | |
|--------------|-------|-------|
| WHEAT—No. 3. | 1.00 | 1.10 |
| OATS—No. 3. | 20.00 | 20.00 |

| BREMEN—Grain and Corn. | | |
|------------------------|-------|-------|
| STEELS—Grain Range. | 1.50 | 1.50 |
| HOGS. | 3.50 | 3.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 3. | 1.00 | 1.00 |
| OATS—No. 3. | 20.00 | 20.00 |

SACKVILLE SACKED.

Weary of Waiting for England to Act Cleveland Takes the Bull by the Horns.

The British Government Notified That Lord Sackville Will No Longer be Recognized.

By direction of the President the Secretary of State Tuesday informed Lord Sackville that for causes heretofore made known to her majesty's government his continuance in his present official position in the United States is no longer acceptable to this government, and would, consequently, be detrimental to the relations between the two countries.

At the British legation Tuesday evening access was denied to all newspaper men and they were informed that Lord Sackville had nothing to say. An Associated press reporter managed, however, to have a copy of the report of the Secretary Bayard to the President.

The report said: "After about half an hour Lord Sackville in person returned, and cordially expressed his thanks for having had opportunity to read the report, which he said he had not seen before. He declined to express any opinion in regard to it. Lord Sackville wore a pleasant smile and he did not seem in the least disturbed at the announcement."

Secretary Bayard when seen Tuesday night said that there was nothing he could say in addition to what was stated in his report to the President. The government's action he said, constituted a complete severance of our relations with Minister West.

The Secretary did not object to entering into speculation as to what Great Britain would do in the matter or as to when a minister would be sent here, but Sackville, he said, would no longer be recognized in any event. Secretary Bayard declined absolutely to give any opinion in regard to the spirit in which the communications of the United States to Lord Sackville were made.

The matter, he said, was the subject of letters or messages between two parties, and neither had the right to give out the contents of these communications without the consent of the other. What has taken place between the President and himself he had given to press, but the other correspondence he did not feel at liberty to make public.

When asked if he had at any time formally requested or demanded of the British Government the recall of Lord Sackville, the Secretary replied:

"No, no, positively no. All statements to that effect are absolutely untrue. We forwarded to the British Government, through our representative at the court of St. James, all the facts in the case. The President waited what he considered to be a sufficient length of time before he resolved upon definite action, and finding that the British government was apparently doing nothing in the matter, he decided, in view of the emergency, to do what has been done."

WANT MONEY OR BLOOD.

Italian Laborers, Persistently Refused Their Wages, Create a Riot.

News of a serious and alarming nature comes from Cookshire, Que., the scene of recent riots among the Italian laborers at work on the Herford Railway. The trouble has broken out afresh, and it is far graver than at the time of the first outbreak. The striking Italianers are in possession of the company's camp and stores, and as the troops have been called out, a scene of a fight and bloodshed is looked for at every moment. The Italianers have not been paid since the last of August. When they demanded their money they were informed that before they could get it they must sign a contract to continue in the company's employ until the railway was completed, and also submit to a reduced pay. With the exception of fifteen, who were in the company's debt for supplies, the 300 refused to sign the contract. The company then refused to pay the men, who instantly went on a strike. They retired to their shanties and secured arms. They then began to strike the railroad tracks, and it is, as well as the general store, track, locomotive, and cars.

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ADAM BADEAU YIELDS.

He Withdraws His Claim to the Joint Authorship of Gen. Grant's Personal Memoirs.

A suit to recover \$10,000 and interest for services rendered to Gen. Grant while the latter was engaged in preparing his "Personal Memoirs" was begun a few months ago by Gen. Adam Badeau. Tuesday the case was settled on the basis that the widow of Gen. Grant agreed to at the beginning of the controversy. Mrs. Grant never disputed the fact of her husband's having made a contract with Gen. Badeau. The claim, however, was withdrawn with an action for joint authorship of Gen. Grant's personal memoirs. Mrs. Grant could not admit the truth of this assertion. Recently Gen. Badeau withdrew from his suit this claim. Under these circumstances Mrs. Grant has settled the suit.

ARRESTED IN TORONTO.

Louis Helm, Slender, Smuggler at Sioux City, Ia., for the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, who is said to have absconded some time ago, having embezzled about \$1,000 of the company's funds, was traced to Toronto, Ont., by the New York Inspector for the American Surety Company and their Chicago partner after a long hunt. It was ascertained that he had committed a crime in order to secure the money, and an information was laid before the County Judge and the extradition warrants issued. He was arrested Tuesday.

The annual supply of fall mud has put

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

A young girl named Flora Hamman, living near Nauvoo, Illinois, was killed by a fall from a horse on Tuesday.

At Palestine, J. M. L. Hill, an old and prominent citizen, committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Albert M. Fields has been sentenced to fourteen years at Joliet for an assault on Florence Gallagher, near Decatur, with intent to murder.

The people of Taylorville are happy over the fact that the miners struck a vein of coal eight feet four inches thick at the depth of 455 feet. The coal is of fine quality.

Hess & Crotty's tile works of Ottawa, one of the largest in LaSalle county, was set on fire this morning by a bolt of lightning and lost, \$15,000; insurance, \$4,000.

Two Chicagoans City line of the Chicago & Alton Railroad ran together between Delavan and San Jose, in Tazewell county. Fireman Charles Baum was killed and Engineer Moore was seriously injured.

William S. Moore and John Downey quarreled over a game of cards at Sheldahlville, a few miles below Elizabethton. Moore pursued Downey with an ax, whereupon Downey got a gun and shot Moore, killing him.

A desperate attempt at suicide was made by Dayton Trich, a Chicago convict at the Joliet Penitentiary, who threw himself from the top of the cell, and was killed.

John Horwell, of Springfield, has brought suit in the Superior Court at La Fayette, Ind., against the Rockford Woolen Mills, and I. S. Montgomery, an insurance agent, got into a fight at Rockford over England and her affairs. This is the first encounter in those places on account of the prominence of the parties, created considerable excitement.

Dr. William H. Mosely, the "Cherokee Oil King," was sent to the county almshouse on Tuesday night, suffering from a disease, the unfortunate man being in the last stages of consumption. The doctor is the hero of the Mosely-schoon episode, which occurred some sensation in Shelbyville a twelvemonth ago.

At Thompsonville while a party of men were playing cards, Warren Jordan and John Williams began quarreling, and Jordan shot Williams dead. Jordan died from the wound, but his victim's younger brother Charles overtook him and buried a hatchet in his brain, causing almost instant death. Williams was shot to death.

The trial of Edward F. Schneider, of Albany, for larceny is in progress in the Circuit Court. Schneider is a jeweler, and accompanied Kearns and Lewis, grain buyers, by leaving their store in his hands. On Monday last June the safe was unlocked and \$1,120 in gold belonging to Kearns and Lewis was taken. The grand jury then indicted Schneider.

Richard O. Warren, Disbursing Clerk at the Rock Island Arsenal, was arrested and bound over to the United States Court at Chicago, charged with embezzling government money. He had been in the arsenal for some time, but it is thought that larger peculations will be unearthed. Warren is an old resident of this place, and has occupied his present position for some years.

The Diamond Drill Company has abandoned the coal prospecting at Monticello, after putting down two prospecting pipes. The veins were not of sufficient thickness to make them profitable, and the company had two artesian mineral wells in their boring, which bid fair to be profitable, as they are pronounced to be first-class, and have all the usual mineral qualities. The company will utilize one of them in its system of water-works.

The annual meeting of the Winnebago County Bible Society was held at Rockford, and largely attended. The following are the officers: President, T. D. Robertson; Secretary, C. L. Williams; Treasurer, S. F. Penick; Vice-President, F. Lane, S. F. Weyburn, C. M. Thompson, G. A. Sanford, William McKinley, B. F. Whipple, J. W. Secomb, L. W. West, J. G. Penick, D. S. Hough, Henry Freeman, E. Soper, John A. Brander, C. F. Anderson, August Nelson, H. Johnson, John Peterson, John A. Johnson, Alexander Johnson, William Masten, P. M. Pierce.

In a brawl in Frelick & Grand's saloon Yates City, James Eaton drew a revolver and fired at Hollie Doyle, wounding him in the back of the neck. Doyle and three of his friends then rushed in and killed Eaton. Frank Wickmire, then knocked Eaton down and the three held him while Doyle wrestled the revolver from him. He fired, and the wounded man died. The inquest was held and Wickmire as principal and the Lamasters and Doyle as accessories to the killing, without bail.

Late last week, the Wickmire family were committed to the county jail.

MICHIGAN.

Arthur G. Smith, a homeopathic student from Bath, committed suicide at Ann Arbor by cutting his throat.

The wife of Supervisor Clark, of Robinson, committed suicide by taking Paris green. She was found dead in her bed.

The widow A. Ryggel, the oldest person in Ottawa County, was buried at her home in Vriesland. She was nearly 90 years old.

The body of K. Anderson, a farmer living near Whitehall, was found in his barn with two cuts in his head that caused death. Four foul is suspected.

Austin Ewing, of Detroit, has been appointed Examiner of National Banks in the State of Michigan to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of John W. Nash. He does not propose to enter into a renewed discussion of the matter at this time.

At Luther, the postoffice was entered, the safe opened, and \$300 of the government funds extracted. The robbers did not disturb the letters in the safe, several registered letters were in the safe.

Mrs. Burr, of Copley, had a small blister on one of her hands, and in preparing for burial a child had died of typhoid fever, she contracted a case of blood-poisoning which nearly cost her life.

Very many of the citizens of Barry County, especially in the vicinity of Dowling, are putting in time trying to catch a bear which has been killing their hogs. He affords them lots of good hunting.

H. E. Worcester, agent of the Michigan Central Railroad at Owosso, took a dose of carbolic acid by mistake and died in twenty minutes. His family are in the East visiting. The deceased was about forty years old.

A fire caused by escaping gas occurred at the house of William J. Clevy, of Clay City, and while the firemen were trying to extinguish it an explosion occurred, and the chief of the fire department and several others were considerably injured.

In the Circuit Court at Adrian Judge Lane sentenced Minnie Conkling to three years and eight months and Mary Panyard to eight months in the Detroit House of Correction for the same crime. The last of the six Industrial School incendiaries.

The violins are waiting
A mystical, dreamy waltz;
I hear a silken trailing,
And my heart, in its list'ning, halts.

She comes through the shining roses,
Through the tender, dewy air,
And the softened hues of flowers
The sheen of her yellow hair.

She draws through the darkness nearer
To the well-known trysting place;
In my heart I hold nothing dearer
Than that moonlit maiden face.

The sound of far-off laughter,
From the dancers on the hall,
Comes floating faintly after—
Why does she leave them all?

Just for the sake of a meeting
Flere by the fountain rim,
Just for a lover's greeting
Here in the moonlight dim.

"Love, we shall soon be parted"
The air seems long, soft sigh;
"Love I grow weary-hearted
With the weight of the dreary 'good-by.'"

The violins cease waiting
- Their dreamy waltz-refrain;
The mellow moon is falling:
A kiss and "Auf Wiedersehen!"

Oh, when my last day closes,
Come, thou, yet once again,
Come, through life's light and darkness and roses,
And whisper, "Auf Wiedersehen."

Know then I wait the parting
Of our trust, with no keeping pain
Mend, and bring the long
True heart—Auf Wiedersehen.

—Boston Transcript.

How We Adopted Johnny.

E. E. FLAGG.

Everybody said it was absurd, or nearly everybody. There were some exceptions, just enough to prove the rule that if you try to do good in an uncommon way you may count on having the majority of your friends and acquaintances against you. If we girls had gone without sugar in our tea, and fixed over our old hats every season, and turned our old dresses till they reached the last verge of shabbiness, then we might save money to help support an orphan asylum, no one would have made the slightest objections. Everybody would have thought it all right and proper; but to adopt a baby! take it right into our home and hearts, who ever heard of such a thing? And then Johnny's father was an awful drunken brute. Very likely he had the hereditary taste for liquor, and would turn out bad. But we were not to know that.

"I nobody ever heard of such a thing before it was high time they had; while Mag wanted to know 'if it was poor Johnny's fault that he had a drunken father?'" adding with a toss of her shapely head, "What is the use of our being minister's daughters if we can't do as we like?"

But though we thus threw down our gauntlet to Mrs. Grundy, it was not without some misgivings that we intruded into our father's study with this startling plan. Our father, who was writing a home missionary sermon, paused in the midst of his statistical researches and looked mildly amazed, while Rue, being the eldest and already engaged to teach the district school, took upon herself the part of "Angie" to tell our story.

"I feel you do not realize the greatness of the undertaking, my daughters. I would not wish to discourage you in any good work, but it is a great responsibility to take a child to bring up, especially a boy, and one who has—"

Our father paused, but we knew what was in his mind, for, that awful little fellow, with his red hair and green eyes, Nature is not all inexorable, fatalistic tendency. There is forgiveness with her, that she may be feared.

"But, father," finally answered Rue, "you said yourself how you hated to have Johnny sent to the almshouse; that such children needed especially the moral education and the religious restraints of a Christian home."

"And we have loved and all among ourselves," interrupted Mag. "We shall make our old dresses last ever so long, and not lay out an extra cent that we can help."

"Well, my daughters, I will think about it."

And our father returned to his list of figures, thinking, no doubt, in his secret heart that our wish to adopt little Johnny was a mere vagary of the moment.

"It is a great undertaking, I know," remarked thoughtful Rue, as we shut the study door behind us. We ought to count the cost first."

"As if we hadn't counted it a hundred times already," exclaimed impulsive Mag. "Say, girls, I am going off straight this minute to get him. I'll find my mother-in-law to borrow him for the day."

And away she ran, soon appearing with little Johnny, for the almshouse was not far off. We looked askance for a moment, first at each other and then at him. Johnny put his finger in his mouth and returned the compliment. As Mag had captured him while engaged in testing the plumb-line, he was sitting on the brink of the most convenient mud-puddle, he looked a good deal like a very young pilgrim who had set out for the Celestial City, but fallen into the Slough of Despond by the way.

"I should think those things in the bureau drawers upstairs might just fit Johnny," suggested Rue faintly.

"Well," exclaimed Mag, "if you can find another who'd like them, and we all went upstairs, Rue leading Johnny, large eyed and wondering. There they were in the bureau drawer, just as when our dear, dead mother folded them up and laid them away, dropping bitter tears, while we, in awe-struck silence, followed her on tip-toe and looked in.

There, in twinkling of an eye, with their fair, sweet, shut-in order, which is like no other that I know of. For ten long years that little brother, just Johnny's age, had been living with the angles. He did not need the pretty embroidered frock, nor the tiny shoes—just worn a little at the tip, nor that gay string of coral beads, yet it gave us a pang to disturb them.

Then, undressed and dressed him, and combed out the light yellow hair, over which Mag spent a great deal of unnecessary time trying to make it curl we led him triumphantly into our father's study. Little children are so much alike the world over. No wonder our dear father started, and for the moment forgot his missionary sermon, as the small apparition, so like a fairy, came and nestled in his arms. Baby boy met his eyes. But he took Johnny on his knee and kissed him, and we knew his consent was gained. Then we told him stories, and showed him pictures, and played games till we were tired, and Mag took him out in the garden, while Rue and I drew one long breath and looked around on our disordered sitting-room.

"Now," said Rue, as she picked up the blocks and the torn papers, and put the chairs straight that had been tied together to represent a train of cars. To

BILL NYE TRIES TO UMPIRE.

He Keeps Score on Two Shingles at a Western Game.

A short time ago I was called upon by a committee of physicians and surgeons of Minneapolis, led by Dr. Hunter, of that city, with a request that I would umpire a game of baseball to be played on the ensuing day between the Allopaths and Homoeopaths of Minneapolis for the championship of the northwest, the proceeds to go to the Homoeopathic Hospital.

I told Dr. Hunter that an All-wise Providence had not seen fit to endow me with a great deal of baseball wisdom, but that I was passionately fond of the game, recognizing, as I did, that it denoted a wonderful degree of progress and a gradual leading up from bean-bag and two-old-cat towards the earnestness, the throbbing thrill and such things as that of the true athlete.

Dr. Hunter said I had the right idea of the game, he thought, and he would get Mr. Conklin, of the Grand Opera House, to do the active part of umpiring, leaving me mostly to stand under the shade of a large sun umbrella, outside the orbit of hot balls and engaged in thought. He said that a great many people had noticed in me the faculty of being able to assume a thoughtful air while really engaged in something else. He said people liked that in anybody, and especially in an athlete.

At 2:30 the rival clubs arrived in separate ambulances and chose up for "fins." The Allopaths got the bat. Each club had a separate pall out of which they drank when in need of anything in that line. The Homoeopaths took theirs at a third dilution every twenty minutes, and a "graduated" one. The Allopaths drank out of a large tin dipper until relieved.

I presume the different players would not care to have me use their names here and so I will substitute fictitious names.

The Allopaths wore a uniform consisting of different kinds of clothes, but very becoming indeed. They wore blue union suits, through the two clubs gave life and piquancy to the game and make it more difficult for the umpire to tell which side was in.

Dr. Gray wore drab small clothes, a light high hat with wide black band, and long, ashes-of-roses mohair duster, held in place by means of a string.

Dr. Wagner wore a white tunic, a diamond suit, with inflated neckers of same.

Dr. Pendergast wore a low-neck and short-sleeve knit lingerie, with checkered pantaloons and a wad of tulle at the throat. He wore a tarpaulin hat and no ornaments.

Dr. Bleeker wore a pair of all-wool trousers, with a ledge of shining pink satin in the back between his suspender buttons; white, open-back shirt, pin-stripe suspenders, and Alpine hat.

Dr. Early wore a street costume, with fireman's hat and varietal necktie.

Dr. Pangborn wore a Prince Albert coat, knickerbockers and fore-and-aft stamer hat with blue and white bands and squirrel-skin cat-tails tied roughly over the top. He wore no ornaments at the beginning of the game, but at the third inning appeared in a stellated, comminuted contusion just east of the parotid gland.

Dr. Penberthy wore a tennis suit, with silk hat and crocketed slippers. He made a very fine appearance on the beautiful green ball ground, but generally perished before he reached second. In batting Dr. Penberthy almost always struck at the ball after the catcher had it in his pocket, and he always erred in diagnosing the general direction of the ball, and his treatment of it was visionary and theoretical in the extreme. I had to reprimand him three times for these things publicly.

Dr. McBean was dressed in a loose-fitting suit of pajama, with high-top rubber fabled boots, which Dr. Hunter filled partially full of rain water by means of a stomach pump which he found in the ambulance. This water, rising and falling with a wild rushing noise, made a very fine appearance on the big bases, reminded me of the gentle squeak made by the third stomach of a grass-fed horse as he goes joyously afield.

Dr. Lannigan wore a pair of spectacular pantaloons and percale shirt, with his suspenders draped about his waist. He also wore his own whiskers, which he threw away when he got to the third base, where he got off his base if Dr. Lennigan had the ball, for he never failed to raise a two-quart blister on that man, such as would make one Cantharides just fairly hate himself to death. I told Dr. Lannigan that it was not absolutely necessary, according to the rulings of the land commissioner, that a player of his class should only be hit by the actual production of proud flesh and landable pus, but he couldn't seem to understand it, and so he created a good deal of ill-feeling, though at heart a good man and very successful physician.

The game was called at 3 o'clock, and with two large shingles kept tally on, I told the boys to get in.

Mr. Conklin, an Allopath, went first to bat. He was dressed simply in a suit of blue flannel, with richly beaded mooseskins and high-crowned stiff black shiny straw hat. He spat on both hands, then caught up a quart of sand, which he applied to the handle of the bat, breathed in all the air between himself and the center-fielder, and then he swung away and got so near what he requested that it was some time before I could signal Mr. Conklin to go on with the game. He was given his base on balls, I believe, and made a home run in the ambulance. When he got in he talied and took a bismuth powder that would have settled the stomach of a whole lively stable.

Dr. Dixon then came to the bat. He was dressed in a morning costume of brown shevoit with maroon faille cracker sleeve linings which had crocked his linen in places, but did not hurt the general effect. He wore no ornaments aside from a society emblem of solid gold attached to his watch chain, which he held in his right hand. He asked for a clavicle ball, which he missed by a right smart. The pitcher prescribed another capsule for him, which he struck at just a few moments before it got to him, and with such force as to whirl him around on the home plate with great violence. As soon as he had recovered from his giddiness and vertigo, he swung and hit the ball so high that it was a glorious chance for the centre-fielder to get under it, as it was a long time in the air and came down as straight as a shot, but the center-fielder was just fitting a new stopper to his stethoscope, which he had lost out on his way to

grounds, and so muffled it, as we would

The general error made by physicians in playing this game I find, in both schools, is not so much a lack of proper knowledge of its histology, physiology, microscopically, chemistry, pathology, physiological, medicine, physics or therapeutics, for all schools seem to treat a hot ball in about the same manner, favoring in most cases a conservative course until the temperature of the ball is reduced, but the common error seems to be the same as that made in the Garfield case, viz., an incorrect diagnosis as to the course and location of the ball.

Space at this time will not permit an extended description of the game as played, but a hasty recapitulation shows that the Allopaths are more in favor of outward application and that they are further advanced, perhaps, in the various methods of probing for the ball, while the Homœopaths are less liable to over-throw themselves, and the latter are the only party much indeed, and can truly say that only once did I delay the playing at all, and that was when I was forced to go down to a bookstore on Nicollet avenue to get an authority on the question as to whether a player has the right to put up the base and carry it halfway to the next before throwing it back to the batter, and the answer being in the affirmative, which were disposed of at the time, and will be regarded as authority. For instance, as to whether a batter who knocks the ball over the fence has to go and get it himself, also as to whether a player who steals a base has any right to pawn same.

The medical fraternity of Minneapolis is a credit to the homœopaths, and they are, and always treats its umpire in a courteous manner. It is thorough in its knowledge and careful in its practice of medicine. It also excels in the field, and the flour batter of the Flour City has few superiors. Had not a heavy rain suddenly put a stop to the game, I fully believe that I would have been compelled to get another umpire, and change the score.

Some of the spectators feared that the umpire would be hurt by the swift and venomous balls thrown and knocked about the ground with such terrible force, but the ball used was one that has been in use in our family for several generations, and is perfectly safe. It consists of a small hollow ball, made of a very strong india rubber, and is wound with gray yarn to about four inches in diameter and then covered with red morocco.

Physicians and surgeons are generally regarded as very much hardened, and oblivious to pain, but in playing ball they are thoughtful and prefer not to give needless pain.

Minneapolis is a thriving city, extremely rich and prosperous, and while there I bought some town lots, only a few hours out from the city limits and at a price which almost made me ashamed to take them from the simple-hearted real estate agent who seemed to have no true conception of their enormous value.

As I came away he was just cutting up some beautiful words, and when I was driving a stake where he intended to have a normal school.—*Lil Nip, in New York World.*

Crowley and the Dads.

New York is beginning to recover from its almost over-whelming grief for the demise of Crowley, the chimpanzee. The people should be consoled with the thought that although Crowley has gone to join Jumbo in the angel menagerie, there are lots of duds behind.

Crowley was a remarkably intelligent animal, but still scientists do not regard him as the missing link. Darwin's idea, which has been generally accepted, was that Oscar Wild was the missing link. At the same time, there are other scientists who maintain that Oscar Wilde was a link somewhere near the mark. Crowley was too intelligent to fill the scientific requirements of the m. l.

However the death of Crowley must come home to the dude with the force of a family affliction. It is, perhaps, asking too much of the dude, but he should try to console himself with the thought that in this world of pain and pleasure, light and darkness, succeed each other. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no compassion, no sympathy, and many of the brightest virtues, like the stars, shine only in the dark. By all means, let the dude weep, for misery is cured in the brine of tears.

It often happens that fate not only prescribes misery to the dude's lips, but compels him to drain it slowly, drop by drop. At the same time, there are no circumstances, however unfortunate, from which consolation may not be drawn. The hide of Crowley, properly upholstered and provided with glass eyes, will be on exhibition at the Museum of Natural History in New York park, and the hide of the man can repair and greet his lost relative.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Maid and the Bugologist.

He is an entomologist,
And she a little miss
Whom of a sultry summer night
He first essays to kiss.

As ere they osculate his arm
Steals round her waist so slim,
She's somehow conscious of a strange,
New thrill that shoots thro' him.

Right at the grand climacteric,
When just about to hug
Her he describes the anatomy
Of an unclassified black bug.

He bounds to grab the thing, then comes
Back to the girl, who squirms,
And says, "Oh, sir, the parson tells
That bugs are but worms."

"And oh, professor!" here the maid
Her pretty shoulders shrugs—
"I think, indeed I do, you'd best
Confine yourself to bugs!"

And, when the fatuous fool would fain
Find her fair lips, he hears
This little lady say to him
The word called woman true.

—*Boston Globe.*

They Will Never Be Satisfied.

The people of Chicago are pretty hard to please. A short time ago one of the street railways provided special cars for smokers, in which the riders faced toward the street. Now the Chicagoans object to the arrangement, on the ground that in riding about town there are certain localities in which certain people desire to avoid recognition. In ordinary open cars a man can turn his head, but in these new cars he can't, and the public gaze. A Chicago man hates to be obliged to ride by a place where he owes a little bill and have to expose his full face to the creditor. The ordinary description of heaven would have no charms for the average Chicagoan. He would want something more.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE CAMP FIRE.

An Interesting Reminiscence of War Times as Told by Dan Reidy.

Lincoln's Old Guard.

"Yes, those were stormy times. That March 4, 1861, is as fresh in my memory to-day as I was when I stood within three feet of grand old Abraham Lincoln while he delivered his inaugural address from the capitol steps. Conspiracy and rumors of conspiracy to assassinate the new executive weighed down the atmosphere of Washington. Every breeze blew suspicion.

The speaker was Daniel Reidy, a shoemaker, residing and still working on his bench at 528 West Huron street.

"I was a member of the national guard of the District of Columbia then. Maj. Tate, a veteran of the Mexican war, was our commander. It was a volunteer company, but thoroughly disciplined. There was a call issued on the evening before for the company to report at the armory at daybreak promptly on the following morning. Few of us had our breakfasts. We did not positively know our own commander, but surmised not a little. We were ordered to march to the front of the capitol building, after being furnished with fifteen rounds of ball cartridge. When Lincoln came upon the stand we were ordered about face and a minute before the commission dawned upon us. It had been threatened that Lincoln would be assassinated in Baltimore on his way from Springfield, Ill. He arrived at the Willard hotel all right, however. A subsequent story that Lincoln was being detained while delivering his address. We stood there like statues during the tedious ceremony until 2 o'clock, when we were served with crackers and water. That was our dinner. It was the quickest and easiest way to stay our hunger, and it was the only thing that we ate, which caused considerable excitement. The battalion had formed a cordon completely around the vast assemblage. Mr. Lincoln was about in the middle of his inaugural speech when a man climbed up into the branches of one of the trees and began to yell and to roll down incoherently at the top of his voice. We with one accord concluded that he had been delegated to raise a disturbance and start the devilry, thus creating a panic and leaving an opportunity for the assassins. The militiamen braced themselves firmly on their legs, held their guns more firmly, and awaited orders from the commanding officer. The police, however, clubbed the disturber from the limb upon which he was perched. It was afterward ascertained that he was a harmless lunatic who had come from the city of New York to the Potomac. But the excitement was intense for awhile. Lincoln, however, never halted in his remarks for an instant, nor did he manifest a tremor. When he concluded we instantly formed in platoons and marched off, rolling down on the double quick. Down New Jersey avenue we sped on the dead run, as far as Massachusetts avenue. On that street we ran to New York avenue and brought up in front of the president's mansion. It was a distance of nearly a mile from the city, and we were almost breathless when we came to shoulder arms before the gates. The already large crowd on the sidewalk was promptly dispersed and those within the inclosure who did not belong there were summarily ejected. The object of the military force was to keep the crowd from the body-guard getting there ahead of the vast assemblage which would follow the presidential party from the capitol building. We stayed there until about 5 o'clock p. m., when all danger disappeared. The president had been escorted to his white house and all perils had passed away. The police then took charge.

"It is now more than twenty-seven years since that memorable day, and the fact and the great war president are still as fresh in my memory as when we rolled down the spot. The old man stood as proud as a Roman. He wasn't a bit handsome. Tall and ungainly, he stood up there, prominent cheek-bones, and angular at every joint. But his great heart, his love for humanity, benevolence, and his noble and noble men were blent in his kindly eyes. There was nothing vindictive in the appearance of this man. Slavery was eventually abolished, and it was a God's blessing, but to my mind it was one of the greatest blows the nation ever sustained—Lincoln's taking off in that Booth's bullet did its deadly work. I was close to those days to those who knew the president's sentiments, and I am satisfied there would have been a compromise of some character effected in order to save the noble slaughter which followed his death.

"There are but a few of the 'old guard' remaining," continued Mr. Reidy, with a sigh. The guard was composed wholly of men of mature years, chosen so purposely. I believe I am the only one left of the old guard, the purple and white flag at this time. And a glint of pride flashed from the old gentleman's eyes.

"Great men? Indeed I do. I remember quite a number of the celebrities of the nation in those days. When John A. Andrew was president of the Freedmen's Democrat. Ho and Douglas were called the 'big' and 'little' giants of the west. Jeff Davis was looked upon as a loyal and honorable statesman. He was a pronounced partisan, of course, but there was never a thought of his being a traitor. Breckinridge, acknowledged to be the handsomest man in the house, was also a power, and I think I have a recollection of Calhoun, but I cannot place him definitely.

"Yes, I'm proud of having been a member of the old guard," he proudly said, but not of us who now survive, and in the nature of things, enjoy that distinction very long."

One Time That Sheridan Got Mad.

Senator Plumb said:

"I always think of Sheridan in connection with one conversation I had with him. It was in the summer of 1864, in the west before you came east. What was your opinion of the army of the Potomac? You remember it was criticised about that time as not doing its share of the work.

"No, the army of the Potomac was all right," said Sheridan. "The trouble was the commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked."

"Sheridan," continued the senator, "came east when the cavalry of the army of the Potomac was not in good condition. He had given him credit for reorganizing it and raising its efficiency. He had worked away some time, when Meade sent him over the Rappahannock on a reconnaissance. Sheridan came back, and, in making his verbal report, he said that he had had with Stuart's cavalry."

"Never mind Stuart," said Meade, interrupting. "He will do about as he pleases, anyhow. Go on and tell me what you discovered about Lee's forces."

"That's all right," said Sheridan, and he reported:

"D. Stuart. I can thrash him out of him any day."

"Those were times, you know, when men's utterances, like their deeds, were not fashioned upon the model of these days of peace. Well, Meade repeated that to me," said Reidy.

"Why didn't you tell him to do it?"

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

Lady Visits the Great Western Authors at Her Home.

So little has been said recently about Charles Egbert Cradock (Miss Murfree) that, except to readers of her already interesting stories, she is half forgotten. A lady admirer, however, upon whom her "Floating Down Lost Creek" had made an impression never to be forgotten, determined recently to see her, and stopped over for that purpose a day at St. Louis, where the authoress now resides. She thus describes her visit to one who has been classed with Howells and James as the leading novelists of the day: "While waiting for the entrance of Miss Murfree I quietly took a survey of her surroundings, a single glance at which was sufficient to convince me that the modern craze for aesthetic furnishings has not as yet taken any hold upon her. The room was as bare of pretty decorations as the average hotel apartment is wont to be. A few cheap prints in fine frames upon the walls; carpets and paper that swore at each other, as the French would put it; the usual complement of armed and unarmed chairs, all upholstered for the same piece of jute, and a huge writing-table, of the kind usually found in offices, with a Webster unabridged upon it, completed the visible picture upon which the eye of the gifted author daily gazed. But the invisible one—the one reflected in her books—only her own clever pen might paint.

After five minutes' waiting the door opened and a lady dressed in a rather stiff-looking garnet-colored silk gown, lined with painfully towards me. She was of medium height, with rather thick-set figure, square, colorless face, eyes small, of a blue-gray color, and a mass of red-brown hair. The extreme plainness of the face and limping gait made an almost painful impression, which, however, was soon dissipated by her pleasant, low-pitched voice and simply interested manner. For a few moments there was a touch of shyness about her, but this soon disappeared as she became interested in conversation, and she talked very fluently of travel and scenery and the commonplaces of the day. She particularly admired Bar Harbor, and thought the combination of mountain and sea beautiful. It was her native Tennessee mountains, however, that she spoke with the greatest enthusiasm, dilating upon the exuberance of the vegetable growth there—upon the beauty of the rhododendron in the spring and the glory of its autumnal foliage. The impression her personality made upon me was precisely that conveyed by her books—a serious, earnest, painstaking soul, that in the midst of the most pathetic tenderness and beauty of nature in her native mountains.

Out to Sea in a Caboose.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon a startling and thrilling accident occurred on the California Southern road about ten miles beyond Ocean side, in a place where the track runs longside the sea. Engine 16, with five freight cars a caboose attached, was making good time towards Oceanside, when, without warning, the whole train, with the exception of the engine, jumped the track and went wheeling and rolling down the embankment into six feet of water. The accident caused by the spreading of the rails. Its suddenness gave none of the train hands time to escape and they all, along with the cars, plunged headlong into the water. For a moment J. Danvers and a brakeman were at the time in the caboose, and as it struck the water the trucks left it and it floated seaward. As soon as they collected their scattered senses sufficiently to realize what had occurred they concluded to continue their voyage to sea in the caboose and wait developments. Their conditions did not improve, however, as the wind and the waves rapidly carried them away from land.

Immediately after the wreck occurred the engineer, seeing how matters stood, continued on his way to Ocean Beach for assistance and for the wrecked train. Both were secured, and the rescue party started. When they arrived at the scene of the disaster the caboose was seen in the dim distance, and the two men standing in the doorway were clearly defined in the gathering gloom. A boat was immediately put off, and soon reached and rescued the men, bringing them safely to land. It was then learned that they had received a number of severe bruises which will lay them up for two or three days but which will in no way interfere with their work. The work of rescuing the freight cars will be commenced immediately, and it is believed that they have not sustained much injury. The caboose is still at sea, and when last seen was headed towards the Sandwich Islands.—*San Diego Bee.*

Identifying a Trunk.

A passenger over the Lake Shore who had lost his baggage check was called upon yesterday to pick out his trunk from fifty others in the baggage room. He succeeded in establishing its identity after awhile, but when asked for a list of contents he went to pieces at once.

"Have you any clothes in it?" queried the official.

"I suppose so, of course."

"Any valuables?"

"There is a watch, but I've forgotten how it looks. I guess it's silver, though."

"Any books?"

"I guess so, but I ain't sure."

"Well, what are you sure of?"

"Gimme ten minutes to think."

He took fifteen and walked up and down, and at last a revelation came.

"Say, I've got it!" he chuckled, as he came back.

"Well, if that's my trunk there are six new eucher-decks in a green box right on top."

"Any peculiarity about the cards?"

"You bet! 'That's where I'm solid. Every pack has a marked back, for I bought 'em to bamboozle the country chaps out of their shekels. I am going out of here with a hog show, and after the show I play poker. Just look for the cards."

The trunk was opened and the cards found as described, and the owner whispered:

"Might I have the audacity to hope you won't gimme away on this, Christopher? but you orter see how the suckers do bite at this season of the year!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Important Piscatorial Query.

The fisheries question—"Did you bringt he bait bottle along?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The Upsilonntian.

THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1888.

THE EDITOR'S BLUE MONDAY.

No preacher ever experienced a more depressing reaction from the nervous strain of his Sabbath labor—that period of utter "let-down" which has gone into our traditions as "blue Monday"—than is realized by the newspaper editor who is publisher and manager at the same time, when he has put his paper to press and feels that he has completed another week's work; and that let-down is in exact proportion to his sense of responsibility and of the importance of his work. The nervous strain steadily increases and the anxiety and sense of responsibility intensify all through the week, and culminate with the final work of putting the paper to press—always in haste, always with lack of time and opportunity to do some things that should be done, always with an impression of important things forgotten or neglected, always with a haunting fear of errors overlooked, or of unguarded expression that must give unintended offense. He must choose at the last moment between two things that are important, only one of which is possible; and if he at all realizes the importance of his work and his responsibility he will always feel that, however excellently that work may have been done, it is far below what it should have been. Then, when it is finally completed in some shape, and the paper is put to press and no more can then be done, the nervous reaction is intense, if he have any nerves, and work that involves thought is impossible. This state of things recurs every week, with the editor and manager of the weekly paper. On daily papers, the work is more divided and classified in departments, and the responsibility shared by many.

At the close of an important political campaign, there comes a whole week which bears to the editor's weekly "blue Monday" something such a relation as the Jewish jubilee year bore to the ordinary Sabbath. He has conducted what he conceived to be his portion of the work, in such manner as his sense of duty as a citizen entrusted with exceptional responsibility prompted. If he at all fitted for his place, he has done that with conscientious fidelity, and with earnest regard to the general result, and has thought little of how it should affect him personally; and the anxious, nervous strain has steadily increased through a period of months instead of one week, and culminates when he gets out the last issue before the election. Then, instead of a day or two of relaxation, he needs a week or two; but he cannot have it. His paper must be out on time next week, and he must go to work upon it; but how shall he do it. He is unfit to do any work, and there seems nothing that he can do, and yet the paper must come out. The topics that have so long occupied his attention and the attention of the public, will have suddenly dropped out of sight, before publication day. If the public have become utterly sick of party politics, much more he; but what else is there. He cannot evolve new lines of thought, in a moment, and the daily papers all go on through the week, banging away on the same line, and give him no topics or thoughts upon any other. The election news will be important enough, but he cannot fill his paper with that, and what else in the world can he find to talk about? What can he say that shall have interest and value for his readers in that paper? It is three months of blue Mondays all crowded together, and yet with no relaxation of the demand upon him.

These reflections may suggest to the indulgent reader some excuse, if his paper shall this week seem to fall short of reasonable expectation.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

How important in its results, yet how soon lost to general recognition, a life of exceptional energy and devotion may be, is exemplified in the history of Cardinal Newman. Fifty years ago, the Oxford professor who had just left the Anglican for the Roman communion, was the most conspicuous man in England. His character, ability and unquestioned piety made his change of allegiance doubly painful to those whom he left, and caused him to be received with unstinted welcome by those to whom he transferred his allegiance. Now, an aged man, he draws near the inevitable doom; and the papers announce his condition as an ordinary item of news, in which a few cultured or religious people only will feel even a passing interest. Cardinal Newman served his generation as other leaders have done before him, but that generation is passing away. To those who are crowding upon the present stage he is known as a writer rather than as an ecclesiastic. Many who condemned the churchman loved and appreciated the man. There are few hearts which have not been cheered and strengthened by that sweetest of hymns which will survive after all else that bears his name is forgotten:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!
So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

As exchange, speaking of Ingersoll, says that "even the most skeptical have got tired of his merely destructive criticism of the Bible and Christianity. It is all very well, they say, to destroy men's creeds but we want something in their place, and Ingersoll can't supply the demand." This is very true. Ingersoll's lectures were entertaining, to such as were not shocked by them, but they left in the mind nothing of value, and even the most thoughtless come in time to realize that, and to feel that he

who takes away a thought or a feeling, a theory or belief or principle, is himself deficient in all of those if he offer not in return another of equal or greater value.

NEEDED LEGISLATION.

Now that election is over, and the legislature will soon meet, it is to be hoped that there may be a full discussion of our election laws. The time is come when all parties should demand such a modification of these laws, as will give greater security to the ballot. As it is at present, in many of the precincts, the board of inspectors are all of the same political faith, and while we believe here in the north they are mainly honest there is nevertheless by this arrangement, undue temptation offered to falsify the returns. The law should provide in some way to secure representation for all interests on the board, and so remove the temptation to dishonesty.

Again, the tickets should be furnished by the state and places provided where voters can retire and arrange their ballots in private. The ballot lies at the foundation of our institutions, and no patriot will object to a stringent law to secure its sacredness. The frauds perpetrated in some sections of the country should be brought under the most searching scrutiny, and some means devised to end this outrage on the people's rights. The theft of the ballot should be punished. Let all parties, then, demand of our legislators a radical reform in these matters, and insist that they protect us against the lawlessness and crime from which we have suffered long and grievously.

The government of the United States was founded in the intelligence and virtue of the people and only so long as these two factors are potent in our elections, will the country be safe. In the past few years there has been much in the movements and spirit of parties to shake the confidence of thoughtful people in the perpetuity of our institutions and the time has come when the alarm should be sounded and most stringent laws enacted and enforced to eliminate from the body politic those elements which are liable to disturb our peace and endanger our country. Our schools should become more potent agencies in laying deep and secure the true sentiment of patriotism, in the minds of the people. American history should be imbued with more of the spirit of the fathers who held next to their God, the institutions of their country, sacred. The boon of a free government which they gave us should not be underestimated. The purity of the ballot and the conscientious exercise of the right of suffrage, should be inculcated and their necessity enforced by wholesome laws. Now, just after so important an election, is the time to strike out anew in the direction of genuine reform. How to preserve and strengthen the feeling and love of country, and to eradicate the evils in it, should more than ever engage the earnest and prayerful attention of all thoughtful minds. To kindle anew on the altars of our hearts, the spirit and reverence for righteous government, and to awaken in our homes the enthusiasm for what is right and true, should be the aim of every true American.

The man who sank a fortune by buying himself at his own estimate, and selling himself at the estimate of his neighbors, finds a fitting counterpart in those papers which have spent the campaign predicting big majorities rather than in discussing principles. He who has endeavored honestly to place the truth, as he sees it, before the public, has this to remember, in triumph or defeat, that truth survives; parties and measures fail; and the advocate of right principles is always on the winning side, even though the day of triumph be deferred.

Music as She is Executed.

From Good Housekeeping.
Attending services not long ago in an elegant church edifice where they worship God with taste in a highly aesthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem that compares Solomon with the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was left when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment's hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion even in that climate, the choir altogether in a most cool and composed manner informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or cutaway coat? Solomon with an eyeglass and moustache, his hair cut pompadour? No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve

that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshakable resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."

Didn't Sign.

Arkansas Traveler.
[Arkansas printing office. A delegation from "away back" files in.]

Leader (to business manager of office).—Lowed, a passul uv us did, that we'd come up an' sign fur yo' paper."

Business Manager (smiling warmly).—Glad to see you, gentlemen. Won't you have seats?

Leader.—No; ain't got time to set. Whut yer holden' yo' paper at now?

B. M.—Two dollars a year.
Leader.—That much? Didn't 'low it was mo'n'er dollar. Ken git ter Fireside Smile fur six bits.

B. M.—Ah, well, you see it is only a cheap concern, a sort of advertising dodge. Whut you want is home news.

Leader.—Yas, that's a fact. Wall Lige Baily (addressing one of the delegation), plank down.

Lige.—Don't b'lieve I wanten sign fur it ter-day.

Leader.—W'y, yer wanted me ter come up here with yer. Whut yer, come up fur?

Lige.—Wanted ter sorter look er round.

Leader.—Jim Boyle, yer wanten sign, don't yer?

Jim.—No, don't b'lieve I do ter-day.

Leader.—W'y, ding it all, you said yer wanted ter sign.

Jim.—I said I mout sign.

Leader.—Tal Payton, I know you wanten sign.

Tal.—I 'low ter sign airtter while—airter I git in a little better shape.

Leader.—Why not now?

Tal.—Ain't fixed well eruff now. Ain't mo'n' got money eruff ter run me till I git home. I like the paper mighty well. Got some uv ter best things in it I ever seen.

Leader.—Wall, ef none uv ye wanten sign, reckon we'd better go as we've got a good deal of knockin' round ter do.

B. M. (to leader).—You wish to subscribe, do you not?

Leader.—No, I jest come up with the boys, here, an' I don't b'lieve I wanten sign fur it ter-day. Like the paper mighty well an' hope ter be able ter sign fur it putty soon. Wall, good day.

[A few moments later. In a saloon.]
Leader.—Wall, fellers, nominate yo' pizen.

Lige.—Hol' on; I'm doin' this (throwing a ten dollar note on the bar).

Jim (sweeping the money back to Lige and replacing it with a gold piece).—Not much yer ain't. I axed yer in here, I reckon.

Tal (with pretended indignation).—Not by a jugful. Axed yer in myself. Here (to bar-tender) give us some straight goods.

Leader.—It makes no difference who pays fur it. Wall, here's hopin'.

The Court of Last Resort.

Detroit Journal.
The U. S. supreme court has by unanimous opinion, given the doctrine of state rights a powerful backing. It decides that the state of Iowa, and of course, any other state, has a right to prohibit the manufacture of liquor within its boundaries even when such liquor is intended for exportation to other states. It decided that a state has a right to tax telegraphs and telephones on all messages, sent within the limits of the state; and that a state has a right to force railroad employees to submit to tests for color blindness as a condition of employment. The supreme court has been the bulwark of state legislation long before a democratic president had a chance to put state rights defenders like Lamar on the bench. It has been discovered that the doctrine may be very useful now that it is no longer used as a barricade for slavery and a pretext for secession.

Palestine Revisted.

The story of Jesus of Nazareth forms the principal theme in all the Sabbath schools. It is undoubtedly well told by all the teachers, but there are, probably, but very few of them who can form a clear perception of the times and of the surroundings of the story they love to tell so well. And there are thousands upon thousands besides the enthusiastic Sunday school workers anxious to know all about the people and the scenes among which Jesus walked about, teaching and healing and sowing the seed, of which the present day is reaping rich fruit. For them the panorama of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, the preparation of which kept a large corps of artists busy for nearly three years, and on both sides of the Atlantic, has been the breaking of a new light upon their favorite theme. For this panorama faithfully depicts not alone Jerusalem with its interesting surroundings, not alone the scene upon Golgotha and what is authentically reported as having taken place in connection with it, but it also mirrors the people of all the known world of that day, as on the day of crucifixion the roads leading to Jerusalem were filled with pilgrims anxious to reach the confines of the holy city for the great passover feasts. There is in the rotunda on Wabash avenue, Chicago, far more than a panorama—the building contains a perfect treasure of information upon subjects of the highest interest to everybody having but the faintest idea of the relations which Jesus and His times bear to the present day.

The melancholy days have come, but Harper's Magazine for November brightens them perceptibly. There is no flavor of decay about it, and its leaves are as fresh and clean as in summer-time. The range of subjects is wide, and there is catering to many kinds of literary taste. Two articles, "Invalidism as a Fine Art," and "The New Orleans Bench and Bar in 1823," can hardly fail to charm every one who reads them. The illustrations all through are most artistic, and the Departments show their usual sweetness, light and common-sense.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

A sun, a wind, a sky like March,
So bright, so keen, so clear and blue,
The broad, broad, broad leaves and brown,
Which not a cloud is sailing through:

A smile of earth, a festive way,
As though she woke from slumbering,
And entered on a holiday,
Might tempt one half to dream of Spring—

Except for trees whose glow is fled,
Except for withered leaves and brown,
That rustle underneath our tread,
And make a woodland of the town.

For, as I walked, I turned to see
The vista of a climbing street,
With leaves o'erhanging perfectly;
It was a forest road complete.

Above, the branches softly bent,
And scattered still their brown and gold:
The sunshine to the pathway lent
The glamour of some tale of old.

To-morrow morn the rain may fall,
The clouds may gloom, the day be dull,
But I must still remember all
That makes this day so beautiful.

This forgotten scene will bless
When darker hours must do their part;
This late, still Autumn loveliness,
This sunshine in November's heart.

—Emily S. Oakley.

Sympathy in Joy.

Christina Underwood.
We often think of the duty and privilege of sympathizing with our friends when affliction overtakes them, but there is a sympathy in their joys which is quite as beautiful, and is even more indicative of a generous nature free from guile and envy. A sour and morose disposition may take a sort of melancholy satisfaction in sympathizing with an unfortunate friend; it is only a generous soul that can heartily rejoice with those that do rejoice, as well as weep with those who weep.

It is very easy for us, when Neighbor Jones loses ten thousand dollars in an unfortunate speculation, to say, "Poor fellow, how he'll feel that loss! I fear he won't pull through." We can even tell him, with a good degree of sincerity, of our sorrow in his trouble; while, at the same time, we hug ourselves most complacently with the thought that we did not put our money into the same kind of mining stock. But when Neighbor Jones' real estate increases on his hands, and his Western town lots net him a handsome ten thousand, it requires a good deal more grace to congratulate him, especially when we think of our own town-lots that steadily refuse to rise. There is no surer indication of a large and generous nature than the ability to rejoice in another's joy.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED!

Spectacles

—AND—

Eye-Glasses

Fitted on Scientific Principles.

EYES TESTED FREE!

—AT—

Dodge's Jewelry Store.

Hickory & Ash Timber

I will pay \$12.00 per cord, Cash, for good Second Growth Hickory Butts suitable for Axe Handles, delivered at my shop, South of Depot, Ypsilanti. Good Second Growth Ash, suitable for Whiffletrees, Neck-Yokes, etc., also wanted.

C. W. DICKINSON.

WARNER & OWEN'S NEW DRAY LINE!

The above company are prepared to answer all calls on short notice at reasonable rates. Moving Furniture and Pianos a Specialty.

Office at Corner Cross and River Streets,
YPSILANTI, MICH. 6173

DON'T BUY YOUR -ARCTICS-

Until you have seen the
COLCHESTER ARCTIC

"With the Outside Counter."

It's the Best Fitting and Best Wearing.

Arctic now made, and is made 'pon honor for reputation. The "Outside Counter" adds largely to the durability. These are cheapest in the end. No extra charge for the "Outside Counter." Ask to see the "Colchester" Arctic. Kept here by Best Stores. At wholesale by

H. S. Robinson & Burtenshaw,
DETROIT, MICH. 46173

Mortgage Sale.
Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Jacob Emerick and Cynthia A. Emerick his wife, to Newell B. Perkins, dated August 17, 1887, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, Aug. 17th, 1887, in liber 88 of Mortgages on page 145, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Newell B. Perkins to D. C. Griffen, guardian for A. J. Roe, and said Assignment recorded in said Register's office August 7th, 1888, in liber 10 of assignment of mortgages on page 9, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest, and A. J. Roe's fee as provided for in said mortgage, eight hundred forty-two and ninety-one hundredths dollars, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 25th day of January, 1889, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon at the southern front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs to wit: The north half of the east half of the south-west quarter of Section 10, township 10, north, Washtenaw county, Mich.

Dated Oct. 30th, 1888.
D. C. GRIFFEN, Guardian A. J. Roe,
Assignee of said mortgage.
6173

D. C. GRIFFEN, Assignee of said mortgage.

SPECIAL!

On and after Monday, August 27th, I will offer my entire stock at

VERY LOW PRICES

Terms Cash.

All persons indebted to me will please call and settle at their earliest convenience.

H. P. GLOVER.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST,

VanTuyl Block, Congress St.,

YPSILANTI, MICH.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary.

YPSILANTI SANTARIUM, Ypsilanti, Mich.



J. M. CHIDISTER, LESSEE AND MANAGER.

WELLS & FISK,

SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,

Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

A Large Stock of Goods

TO BE CLOSED OUT.

Alban & Johnson

Offer their Mammoth Stock of

CLOTHING

Suits and Single Garments,

Suitable for

WINTER WEAR

Away Down, to prepare for Fall Stock.

Now is the time, while they are going.

LOOK AT OUR NEW HATS

OF ALL STYLES, GRADES AND PRICES.

Alban & Johnson.

Ypsilanti Savings Bank

Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a

CASH CAPITAL OF \$50,000

Transacts a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all savings deposits of \$1 and upwards, compounded every six months.

Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

D. C. BATCHELDER, President.
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, \$100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, \$150,000

Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

D. L. QUINN, President. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

H. FAIRCHILD & CO.,

CITY MARKET,

DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats

Of all kinds, at the

Lowest Market Price

Fresh Fish constantly on hand.

Our motto is to please all.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

or needing any

Nails or Locks,
Barn Hanger and Track,
Trimnings of any kind,
Cook Stove,
Heating Stove,
Gasoline Stove,
or Oil Stove,
Table or Pocket Cutlery,
Shears and Scissors,
or Carpet Sweeper,
Granite Ware, Tinware,
Shovels, Forks, Spades,
and Wheelbarrows,
Farm Bells,
Tin Roofing,
Eave Troughs,
Etc., Etc.,

You will find a good assortment at the

Huron Street Hardware

and at

PRICES TO SUIT YOU

A share of your trade solicited.

CHAS. M. NORTON,

Huron St., opp. Sanitarium.

C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

Depot Meat Market,

C. S. SMITH, PROP.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Candies, Fruits, Nuts

Etc., Etc.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock Candies in the City.

F. A. OBERST

Follet House Block, Cross St.

1888 IS HERE

—AND—

D. B. GREENE!

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

OFFICE OVER WELLS & FISK'S.

J. A. WATLING, D.D.S. L. M. JAMES, D.D.S.

WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, HURON ST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

The Upsilon.

THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1888.

DE TOUT MON CŒUR.

The sweetest songs I ever sing
Are those I sing to you;
The dearest thoughts that I can bring
Are thoughts I never knew
Until your soft eyes questioned
Had made me question, too.
My soul lies open to your sight,
When all the world's away;
Like that pale flower that at night,
As ancient legends say,
Unfolds beneath the moon's clear light
And dies at dawn of day.
—GEO. H. DUFFIELD in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Men Are Just as Bad.

A woman, speaking of the attacks made upon her sex for their methods of handling their skirts or bustles when sitting down, carrying their parasols, and other habits, says: "I think three-quarters of such talk is nonsense. I am perfectly sure that men have just as many marked habits as women. What can be more absurd, I would like to know, than to see a man, every time he sits down, fling his coat tails wide apart? Then, again, that everlasting twitching at the legs of his trousers so as to pull them up in folds above the knees, and exposing generally the not always attractive top of a pair of shoes, with strings tied in by no means picturesque knot. To me one of the repulsive habits is the deflating up of a handkerchief before replacing it in the pocket, which is quite common among men. I always wonder if the user is afraid of getting them mused or only wants the outside fresh and clean. As regards pulling down cuffs so they will show beneath the sleeve, and similar tricks, are they not every day sights?" —The Argonaut.

The Soft Shell and the Hard Shell.

It is a popular fallacy that soft shell crabs are a different species from hard shell crabs. Practical fishermen and scientific biologists both disprove it. The soft shell crab is the hard shell crab soon after it has moulted. Four times a year to the young crab and once or twice a year to the grown crab comes a season of peril and fear. He crawls into a dark canyon or nook in the rocks, swells out until he cracks open his shell, and then creeps out. This operation is sometimes extremely painful, for his claws are much larger than the joints through which they must be pulled, and they are often lacerated in the process. If his flesh did not become soft and watery before shedding he could not get out at all.

When the crab has moulted, the once mailed warrior, who feared no foe except a more powerful antagonist of his own kind, is at the mercy of any enemy who can get into his retreat. When the female crab moults her male consort chivalrously guards the entrance to her hiding place until her skin is covered with a fresh deposit of lime. The experienced eye can tell when the change is approaching. Last year a number of "chickens" established themselves on the "Thames," a few miles south of Norwich, near Fort Point. They caught hard shell crabs, imprisoned them in a crate beneath the water, and when the shells had been shed, the "soft shell crabs" were shipped to New York and other points. —Cor. New York Tribune.

Monuments of an Unknown Race.

Unheaven stone monuments are among the most interesting relics of prehistoric man found in France and other portions of Europe, the ancient province of Brittany being especially rich in them. The monuments, Mr. Thomas Wilson states, are supposed to have come from a more or less remote east during the polished stone age, bringing a knowledge of agriculture, some ideas of government and a religion, with less of art than the inhabitants of the country before them possessed. They buried their dead, and left the magnificent monuments over them which, to the number of more than 6,800 in France and more than 1,600 in Brittany, are now being carefully restored and preserved by the French government. Some of these monuments are made up of many immense stones, while others are really collections of monuments in great numbers.

The works are known by various names. A menhir is a large stone standing on end; a dolmen, a table like tomb; a cromlech, a circle of stones; an alignment, lines of menhirs and cromlechs, a mound of earth or stones usually covering a dolmen. Many of the monuments must have disappeared, but all these remain, dotting the country in every direction, enormous, rough, rude, unheaven granite stones—belonging to another civilization, mighty in its time, but now dead and buried in the ages of the past, with no inscriptions and no history.—Arkansas Traveler.

Old Fashioned Political Oratory.

The political oratory of the United States for the first half of the present century, if we except the speeches of a few well known statesmen, had in it little, if anything, to commend it to the student. The addresses were, as a rule, delivered to outdoor assemblies composed of men whose education had not been such as to render them capable of either matter or manner. The orator had full license not only in respect to statement of fact, but in every other particular, for the art of stenography had not reached that perfection which enabled the reporter to catch every word of the speaker and render it forever in the printed record of the time. To the uneducated hearer a ludicrous but not indecate anecdote, a humorous but coarse expression, a torrent of slander, or a flight of grandiloquence but meaningless rhapsody was frequently more satisfactory than would have been the polished and witty periods of Wendell Phillips, or the argumentative discourses of Daniel Webster.

We occasionally find now, on the stage of political action in the west, a fossil of that old time. He has been delivering the same address for half a century, with such slight changes in it from year to year as would reconcile it to the times. His speech has never appeared in print, because it contains nothing worthy of publication. In cold type it would be recognized at once as an absurdity, and yet it still finds those who applaud its successive repetitions, and insist that it is the sublimest effort of the human mind. —John Beatty in The Writer.

The Planet Mars.

Astronomers claim that they know Mars has aqueous vapor in its atmosphere, but they do not know which part of its surface forms this by evaporation. Their theories follow their observations rapidly, and very few theories come to be substantiated. From the days when Dr. Dick wrote, and suggested plans of opening communications with the supposed inhabitants of the moon, to the present, the wildest ideas have constantly attended the steady, practical investigation of astronomers. Yet the astronomer plods on with the instrument maker, and each century adds its results to those of what has been attained before, and though many wild theories attend each discovery the discovery itself remains while most of the theories die.

However, there is some reason for inferring that Mars is composed of land and water. The water seems to be always connected. Even the so called canals connect with the seas, being of the same color, and no canal ends in the center of a continent.

Manual Training in Schools.

The extent to which manual exercises may be introduced into public schools will no doubt be governed by certain peculiar limitations. To begin with, it is not expected that boys generally will be able to handle heavy tools until about 13 years old. Give them, therefore, exercises in which the lighter means may be employed, such as glue, the jackknife, etc. Again, we are limited by the absolute impossibility of generally connecting with common schools workshops and special instructors. Furthermore, courses of study already overcrowded, and the lack of specially prepared teachers, are obstacles which the average country school, at least, cannot overcome. Industrial drawing is largely taught throughout the country. We would urge that exercises connected with it be arranged for an outgrowth of constructed objects. This is not only practicable, but applicable to all common schools.

Depend upon willing parents, brothers and sisters for whatever home instruction is necessary in the manual execution of the thought, and we shall at least have wisely directed the natural tendency of children to make things, and have aroused an interest which will assist materially in the establishment of special manual training schools whenever they become practicable. —Charles M. Carter in The Century.

Back Rooms Are Preferred.

"How much of your income do you have to pay for office rent?" was asked of a well-to-do lawyer the other day. His rooms are on the first floor back of a Diamond street law building.

"Well," said he, "my partner and I have three rooms, way back, as you would call it, and have to pay for their use the modest sum of \$600 per year. I sometimes think that I'd rather be the owner of a large law building than be an attorney with a big practice."

"You say your offices are in the rear; what do the men in the front of the building pay?"

"Not nearly so much. You're surprised? Well, no doubt, but I say it's right, and I'll tell you why. Persons occupying rooms in the rear of a building are not required to pay a little more than for front rooms. This is because they are not annoyed by habitual office loafers, of whom there are many; then the man who runs in 'just to write a note,' as he says, 'or wants to use your desk a minute,' is unknown. Fakirs don't find you in the recesses of your rooms, and the noise and rumble of wagons and street life do not annoy you. These are a few reasons why back offices are preferable and command a higher rate of rent." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Italian's Ugly Weapon.

A knife, commonly carried and frequently used by criminal Italians, is what Professor Scannapieco, the Neapolitan fencing master, calls the "molletta." The molletta bears some resemblance to a razor, though considerably longer. There is only one edge, and the blade opens like a penknife. It swings loose, however, and when drawn is opened by catching hold of the handle with the fingers and throwing the blade outward. This requires practice and dexterity. A small spring catches the knife and holds it open. It is closed by pressure upon a tiny "button" on the handle. Though not as effective a weapon as the stiletto, it makes an ugly wound when used by an expert, and can be opened almost as quickly as a stiletto can be drawn from its sheath. The ease with which it can be concealed adds to the frequency of its use. The handle is hard wood or bone. —New York Graphic.

Belgian Watch Dogs.

Among the exhibits in a Belgian dog show is a breed of dogs, the Schipperkes, found only in Belgium. They are made use of as watch dogs on board the numerous inland navigation boats. They are small black dogs, without tails and with pointed ears, of extraordinary intelligence and fidelity. —New York Sun.

Produce Markets.

YPSILANTI, Oct. 8, 1888.

| | |
|------------------|-------------|
| Wheat | 90¢ 1 00 |
| Corn, ears | 18¢ 22 |
| shelled | 40¢ 46 |
| Oats | 25¢ 27 |
| Rye | 45¢ 50 |
| Barley, 2¢ | 100¢ 1 25 |
| Buckwheat | 90¢ 70 |
| Hay | 8 00¢ 10 00 |
| Beans | 100¢ 1 30 |
| Potatoes | 30¢ 30 |
| Turnips | 20 |
| Onions | 25¢ 35 |
| Parasnis | 45¢ 60 |
| Cabbage, 2¢ head | 30 5 |
| Butter | 20¢ 22 |
| Eggs | 19 |

UNIVERSITY HALL, ANN ARBOR

MONDAY EVE., NOV. 26TH.

The Redpath Lyceum

: : : GRAND : : :

CONCERT!

With America's Greatest Artists.

MISS EMMA JUCH,
Prima-Donna Soprano.

MISS HOPE GLENN,
Contralto of Nilsson Concert Co.
(Specially Engaged from London.)

MME. TERESA CARRENO,
The World-Renowned Pianist.

MR. LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG,
Violin Virtuoso.

MR. LEON KEACH,
Musical Director and Accompanist.

Admission, \$1.00.

Family Tickets, admitting 6, \$5.00.

T. S. ANDERSON, Prop. M. S. SMITH, V. P.
R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank,

91 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, - \$200,000.

Four per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits.
Directors—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Hecker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Freer, G. H. Russell, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke.
Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

Real Estate Transfers.

Preston W. Ross and wife to M. and Elizabeth Max, Ypsilanti city, \$3,000.
Laura A. Leonard to Mary C. Whitney, Ann Arbor city, \$1,000.
Wm. W. Whitlark to Mary A. Whitlark, Ann Arbor city, \$150.
Albert M. Clark to Arthur S. Clark, Lodi, \$22.15.
Seth P. Sumner and wife to Wm. Burks, Ann Arbor, \$1,300.
Wilson & Warner to Jacob Sturm, York, \$120.
Thomas Richards and wife to Albert F. Ball, York, \$135.
Vna. Burdick and wife to Frances C. Welch, Ann Arbor city, \$1,200.
Franz Rothenbuecher and wife to A. and A. Hultz, Ann Arbor city, \$500.
Daniel Kierstead to Caroline Truehauf, Ann Arbor city, \$150.
Edward H. Scott and wife to Hattie Pond Barker, Ann Arbor city, \$1,050.
Wm. Guehrler and wife to Trustees of the German E. B. Society, \$120.
Philip Bach to Mayor, Recorder, etc., of Ann Arbor, Ann Arbor city, \$80.
Ella L. Sweet to Chas. H. Ellis, Ypsilanti city, \$425.
Grace G. Rogers to Chas. Rogers, Augusta, \$48.61.
Jehiel H. Smith and wife to Amanda Ellis, York, \$125.
Walcott & Ellis to Jehiel H. Smith, York, \$900.
Wm. B. and Lorana Krum to Homer H. Boyd, Sylvan, \$1,000.
Chas. Stoller to E. S. and A. L. Tate, Bridge-water, \$100.
James Doyle and wife to Alfred Putnam, Milan village, \$75.
Herman Schlack, by heirs, to Leonard Gruner, Ann Arbor city, \$5,700.
Mary Howard, by Probate Court, to Catherine Howard, et al, Decree of Assgt.
Ypsilanti Paper Co. to Joseph Korhel, Superior, \$500.
C. S. and O. B. Cady to Julia S. Taylor, Ann Arbor city, \$2,000.
Patk. Fitzsimmons and wife to George S. Sill, Dexter village, \$500.
Eliza H. Cordary to Catherine Nicaise, Ypsilanti city, \$500.
E. W. Morgan et al, to George S. Sill, Dexter village, \$15.
John W. Keating to Timothy E. Keating, Ann Arbor city, \$300.
Noah G. Butts and wife to Otis C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$500.
Wm. P. Groves and wife to O. C. and K. C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$800.
Julia A. Street to O. C. Johnson, Ann Arbor city, \$900.
John G. Neithammer, by admr., to Wm. Feldhauser, Ann Arbor city, \$185.72.
Joseph H. Durand, by admr., to Mary Durand, Chelsea village, \$500.35.
John Baumgardner to Wm. B. Everest, Ann Arbor city, \$100.
Frank A. McGraw to Sarah and Corrina McGraw, \$4,500.
Benjamin F. Jones to Toledo, A. A. & N. M. R. Co., Ann Arbor city, \$1075.
Emily Cunningham to Order of Good Samaritans & Co., Ypsilanti city, \$20.
Sarah E. Calvert to Wm. J. Calvert, in trust, Ann Arbor city.
Sterling A. Millard, by ex., to John Wallace, Manchester, \$25,000.
Chas. S. Millard et al, to John Wallace, Manchester, \$25,000.
Fred G. Wolf and wife to Chas. H. Kempf, Sylvan, \$1,300.
Emma C. Crause to Elizabeth Reichenecher, Ann Arbor city, \$1,300.
Frederick W. Cleveland to Enoch C. Bowling, Ypsilanti city, \$1,300.
Michael Burkhardt and wife to John Renz, Freedom, \$20.
Orin A. Kelley and wife to Albert F. Ball, York, \$575.
Leonard Green and wife to George Bucklacher, Webster, \$1,300.
Catherine Hines to Mary E. Hines, Chelsea village, \$800.
Jacob Rothfus and wife to Chas. H. Kempf, Sharon, \$1,966.
Milo Heicht and wife to Mary Burchard, Milan village, \$1000.

20 CENT PER OFF



One Hundred Pairs of
LADIES' FINE SAMPLE SHOES

In Sizes 3 and 3 1-2,
Widths B and C.

- GOODSPEED'S -

Your Shoe Dealer.

ON MONDAY, NOV. 5TH.

—I WILL OPEN A—

New Troy Steam Laundry!!

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

Where I will be glad to see all who wish first-class Laundry Work done without the use of Chemicals or injury to clothes.

The plant is being fitted up with a complete outfit of the best and latest improved machinery manufactured by the Troy Laundry Machinery Co.

I was induced to locate here from the fact that the people acted as though they would support such an industry, and the city I am sure is large enough to insure a paying business. The people heretofore have been obliged to send their laundry work to some other city, or have it done by the Celestials, who send their money out to a Foreign Country. Your patronage solicited.

W. B. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Woolens & Worsteds

—AND—

Mr. Fingerle, artistic tailor, will personally superintend all orders in this department, which insures a stylish and well-made garment.

NOVELTIES IN HATS AND CAPS

—AND—

Gents' Furnishings

IN GREAT VARIETY. CALL AND SEE.

Joe Sanders, the Clothier,
No. 1 Union Block.

Rathfon Brothers'

FLOUR AND FEED STORE

If you are in need of
Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE,

BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL,
WAGONS, DRILLS, CULTIVATORS,
PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS!

OSBORN BINDER, OSBORN MOWER,
ANN ARBOR & EXCELSIOR MOWERS,
HAY TEDDERS, FORKS, RAKES!

BALED HAY AND STRAW

BY THE BALE OR TON.

ALSO THE BEST FAMILY CREAMERY IN
THE MARKET.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washington, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the first day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Samuel Casey, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of James M. Childster praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that he may be appointed executor thereof. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 20th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilanti, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

Wm. D. DORR, Judge of Probate.
Probate Register. 40305

FOR SALE CHEAP!

House and Lot on Oak street.
\$50 or \$100 down, and small
monthly payments.

J. N. WALLACE.

5461

—GO TO—

Rathfon Brothers'

FLOUR AND FEED STORE

If you are in need of
Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE,

BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL,
WAGONS, DRILLS, CULTIVATORS,
PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS!

OSBORN BINDER, OSBORN MOWER,
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Wm. D. DORR, Judge of Probate.
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House and Lot on Oak street.
\$50 or \$100 down, and small
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J. N. WALLACE.

5461

AT WORTLEY'S

OVERCOATS!

Children's, Boys', Youths', Men's.

Another invoice of celebrated

STETSON HATS

Received October 3d.

UNDERWEAR!

Keeps Out the Cold!

Saves Doctor Bills!

Insures Comfort!

PRICES WERE NEVER LOWER.

WORTLEY BROS.



WATCHES.

WATCHES,

WATCHES.

The Newest and Nicest in Waltham, Elgin and Hampden
with Cases of Gold, Gold-filled and Silver at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Call before purchasing and save money.

F. H. BARNUM

Successor to BARNUN & EARL,

27 Congress Street, South Side.

THE CHAMBERLAIN CARTRIDGES,

is the best ammunition in the world.

W. H. JUDD, Agent,

—ALSO SELLS—

Guns, Revolvers,
Fishing Tackle and
Ammunition

of all kinds cheaper than any one in the city.
He also repairs

Gasoline Stoves, Sewing Machines,
Bicycles, Guns, Pistols

and any and every thing that is broken, in a workmanlike manner
and guarantees satisfaction. Shop on

WASHINGTON St., in the CADY BLOCK.

J. F. CLARK,

formerly of Banghart & Clark, successor to Wm. Bradley in

THE YPSILANTI MEAT MARKET!

Huron Street, opposite the Sanitarium,

Will be glad to meet his old friends and any others who may favor him with a call, at
his new place of business.

Fresh Fish constantly on hand, and the Choicest Cuts of all kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats.

Tycoon Tea House

If you like a good Cup of Coffee
try our Reverie Java and Blend

Harris Bros. & Co.

JOHN P. TERNS,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

44 East Congress St.,

Carries a full line of all kinds of Groceries.
Try some of our HONEY-BEE
COFFEE and Japan Teas. Fruits
in season, and prices always
the lowest at the

Fifth Ward Grocery.

OPENING

—OF—

Winter Millinery,

—AT—

MRS. CURTIS'S,

OCT. 17 & 18, 1888.

All ladies are cordially invited.

Ladies don't fail to see Mrs.
Curtis's new styles before
selecting your Winter Millinery.

Great Bargains for Sept.

E. SAMSON

Is now receiving a large and elegant
stock of

Books and Stationery

for the STUDENTS of the Normal
and Union Schools.

Over 100 kinds of Note Books
and Pads, and a full line of

Second-Hand Books

Prices can't be beat. Everybody
Welcome to Call.

Also a large stock of

Perfumery and Cosmetics, Fine
Toilet Soaps, Tooth Brushes,
etc., etc.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

FARMERS!

BEANS

See us before selling
your crop.

O. A. AINSWORTH & CO.